

Jon Thomas Rowland

mail. From her secret admirer? It was just an excuse to get into the office. Adam was in the washroom. I heard the fan going. I knew the routine. He'd move his bowels, then he'd brush his teeth. He said it made him feel comfortable for the long drive home. The fan went off. In a moment Adam was at the door, baggie in hand. Betty saw her chance and snuck in, trying to be seductive. She settled her bulk into one of the dirty armchairs reserved for tenants. She'd changed into a flordid gown.

Adam sat down by the computer. Betty started to complain about her loneliness and the sisters who used to tease her on her way home from school. Now she figured they were Lesbians. She got onto the subject one afternoon after I caught her raving about "fucking dikes." I balled her out. I think she concocted the story as an excuse. Serge took it seriously. He called a meeting in the office as if it were the break-through he'd been looking for. The denouement in a Russian novel. Natasha Filipovna had been abused as a child! He thought he'd cracked Betty's case. Adam sighed. He'd never finished grade 10. Serge had a B.A. in psychology.

Betty said there was something in her head. People were picking on her. They stared at her dress. Then she said she wanted someone to repair the electric socket in her room. Looking at it gave her ideas. I said maybe she was thinking of frying herself. We'd have her for supper. Adam said she'd be rump roast.